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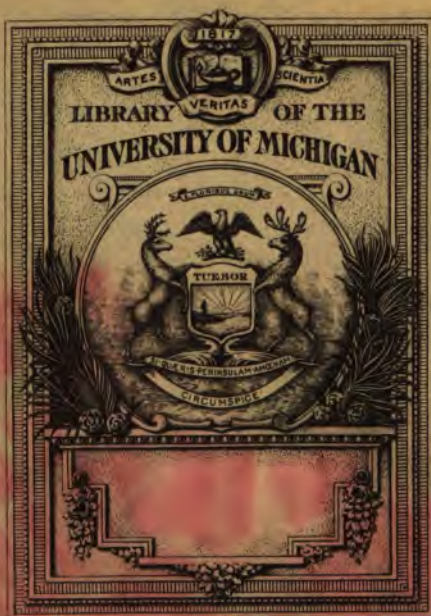
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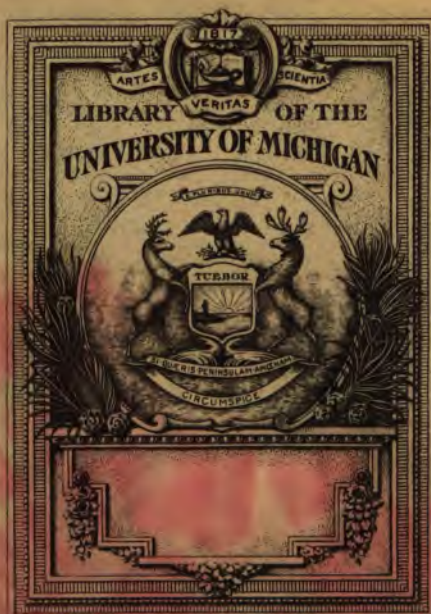
  
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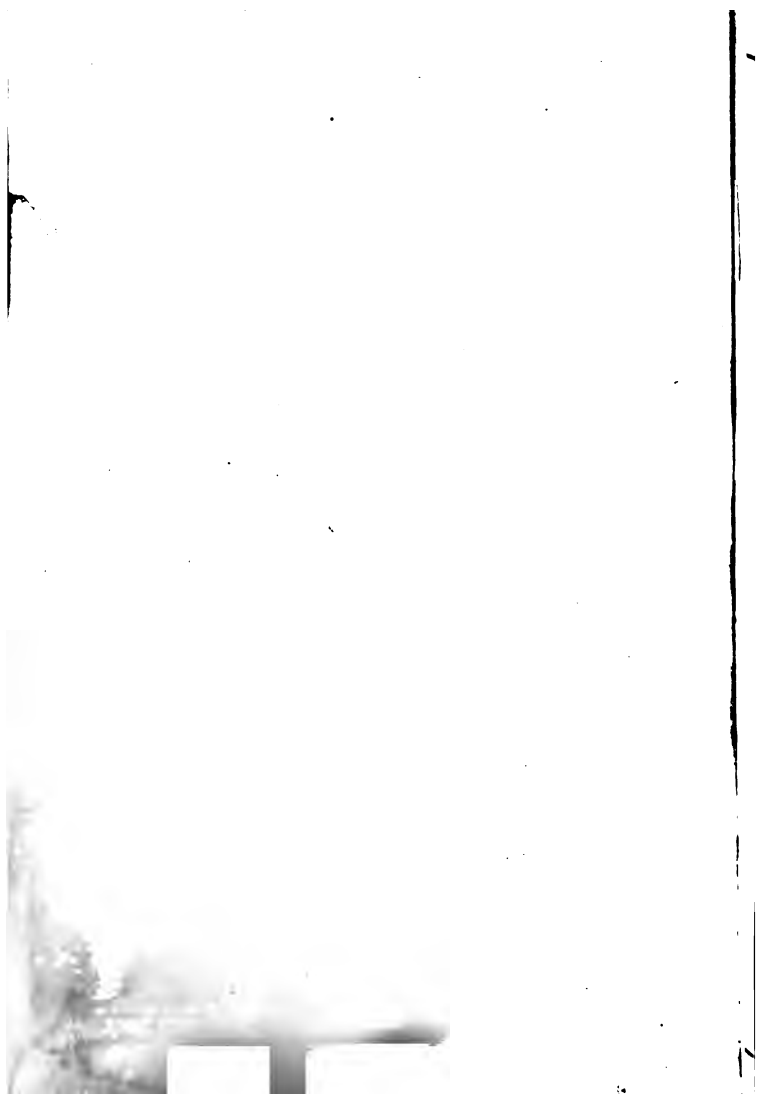


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Fourteenth Volume.

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# LITTLE CLASSICS.

EDITED BY

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

## POEMS LYRICAL.

LOOKSLEY HALL.—GOOD NIGHT IN THE PORCH.—DIVIDED.—JEANIE MORRISON.  
ODE TO HAPPINESS.—L' ALLEGRO.—IL PENBEROSO.—THE LOTOS-  
EATERS.—THE END OF THE PLAY.—THE HIGH TIDE.—LYC-  
DAS.—THE BRIDGE OF SIGNS.—THE PROBLEM.  
MESSIAH.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST.—BONNIE  
DUNDEE.—FONTENOY.—NATHAN  
HALE.—HOME, WOUNDED.  
MOTHER AND POET.  
ETO.

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## LOCKSLEY HALL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.



COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet  
't is early morn;  
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound  
upon the bugle-horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews  
call,  
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley  
Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy  
tracts,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to  
rest,  
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mel-  
low shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth  
sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of  
Time ;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed ;  
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it  
closed :

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ;  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that  
would be. —

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's  
breast ;  
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another  
crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished  
dove ;  
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts  
of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for  
one so young,  
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance  
hung.

And I said, " My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the  
truth to me,  
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,  
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern  
night.

And she turned, — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm  
of sighs, —  
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes, —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do  
me wrong";

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have  
loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his  
glowing hands;  
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the  
chords with might;  
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music  
out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses  
ring,  
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of  
the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately  
ships,  
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !

O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore !

~~Falser~~ than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy ? — having known me, — to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize  
with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag  
thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its  
novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his  
horse.

What is this ? his eyes are heavy : think not they are  
glazed with wine.

Go to him : it is thy duty : kiss him : take his hand in  
thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy  
lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand,—  
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with  
my hand !

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's  
disgrace,  
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength  
of youth !  
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's  
rule !  
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of  
the fool !

Well—'t is well that I should bluster !—Hadst thou  
less unworthy proved —  
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever  
wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but  
bitter fruit ?  
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at  
the root.



Never, though my mortal summers to such length of years  
should come

As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rook-  
ery home.

Where is comfort ? in division of the records of the mind ?  
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her,  
kind ?

I remember one that perished : sweetly did she speak  
and move :

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she  
bore ?

No, — she never loved me truly : love is love forevermore.

Comfort ? comfort scorned of devils ! this is truth the  
poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier  
things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be  
put to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the  
roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at  
the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows  
rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his  
drunken sleep,  
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou  
wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the  
phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine  
ears ;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on  
thy pain.  
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow : get thee to thy rest  
again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace ; for a tender voice  
will cry.  
'T is a purer life than thine ; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down : my latest rival brings  
thee rest.  
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's  
breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not  
his due.  
Half is thine and half is his : it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daugh-  
ter's heart.

“They were dangerous guides, the feelings — she herself  
was not exempt —  
Truly, she herself had suffered —” Perish in thy self-  
contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I  
care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days  
like these?  
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden  
keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets over-  
flow.  
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should  
do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman’s  
ground,  
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are  
laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor  
feels,  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other’s  
heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous  
Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the  
strife,  
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my  
life ;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years  
would yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's  
field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer  
drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary  
dawn :

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs  
of men :

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping some-  
thing new :  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that  
they shall do :

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that  
would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic  
sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly  
bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a  
ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central  
blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rush-  
ing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the  
thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags  
were furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm  
in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping through me  
left me dry,  
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the  
jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of  
joint,  
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point  
to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying  
fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose  
runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of  
the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful  
joys,  
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?  
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the  
shore,  
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a  
laden breast,  
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his  
rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-  
horn,  
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their  
scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered  
string?  
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight  
a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure,  
woman's pain, —  
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower  
brain :

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched  
with mine,  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for  
some retreat  
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-  
starred; —

I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy  
skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of  
Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer  
from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-  
fruited tree, —  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this  
march of mind,  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that  
shake mankind.

There the passions cramped no longer shall have scope  
and breathing-space ;  
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they  
shall run,  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in  
the sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of  
the brooks,  
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my words  
are wild,  
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian  
child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious  
gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower  
pains !

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or  
clime ?  
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time, —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by  
one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon  
in Ajalon !



Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let  
us range.

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves  
of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the  
younger day :  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

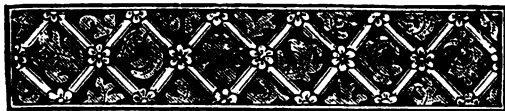
Mother-Age (for mine I knew not), help me as when life  
began :  
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings,  
weigh the Sun, —

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.  
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy  
yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley  
Hall !  
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-  
tree fall.


Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath  
and holt,  
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunder-  
bolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or  
snow ;  
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.



## GOOD-NIGHT IN THE PORCH.

BY ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

 LITTLE longer in the light, love, let me be.  
The air is warm.  
I hear the cuckoo's last good-night float from  
the copse below the Farm.  
A little longer, Sister sweet, — your hand in mine, —  
on this old seat.

In yon red gable, which the rose creeps round and o'er,  
your casement shines  
Against the yellow west, o'er those forlorn and solitary  
pines.  
The long, long day is nearly done. How silent all the  
place is grown!

The stagnant levels, one and all, are burning in the dis-  
tant marsh, —  
Hark! 't was the bittern's parting call. The frogs are  
out: with murmurs harsh  
The low reeds vibrate. See! the sun catches the long  
pools one by one.

A moment, and those orange flats will turn dead gray or  
lurid white.

Look up! o'erhead the winnowing bats are come and  
gone, eluding sight.

The little worms are out. The snails begin to move  
down shining trails,

With slow pink cones, and soft wet horns. The garden-  
bowers are dim with dew.

With sparkling drops the white-rose thorns are twink-  
ling, where the sun slips through

Those reefs of coral buds hung free below the purple  
Judas-tree.

From the warm upland comes a gust made fragrant with  
the brown hay there.

The meek cows, with their white horns thrust above the  
hedge, stand still and stare.

The steaming horses from the wains droop o'er the tank  
their plaited manes.

And o'er yon hillside brown and barren (where you and  
I as children played,

Starting the rabbit to his warren), I hear the sandy,  
shrill cascade

Leap down upon the vale, and spill his heart out round  
the muffled mill.

O can it be for nothing only that God has shown his  
world to me?

Or but to leave the heart more lonely with loss of beauty  
... can it be ?

O closer, closer, Sister dear ... nay, I have kissed away  
that tear.

God bless you, dear, for that kind thought which only  
upon tears could rise !

God bless you for the love that sought to hide them in  
those drooping eyes,

Whose lids I kiss ! ... poor lids, so red ! but let my  
kiss fall there instead.

Yes, sad indeed it seems, each night, — and sadder, dear,  
for your sweet sake !

To watch the last low lingering light, and know not  
where the morn may break.

To-night we sit together here. To-morrow night will  
come ... ah, where ?

O child ! howe'er assured be faith, to say farewell is  
fraught with gloom,

When, like one flower, the germs of death and genius  
ripen toward the tomb ;

And earth each day, as some fond face at parting, gains  
a graver grace.

There 's not a flower, there 's not a tree in this old  
garden where we sit,

But that some fragrant memory is closed and folded up  
in it.

To-night the dog-rose smells as wild, as fresh, as when I  
was a child.

'Tis eight years since (do you forget?) we set those lilies  
near the wall :  
You were a blue-eyed child : even yet I seem to see the  
ringlets fall, —  
The golden ringlets, blown behind your shoulders in the  
merry wind.

Ah me ! old times, they cling, they cling ! And oft by  
yonder green old gate  
The field shows through, in morns of spring, an eager  
boy, I paused elate  
With all sweet fancies loosed from school. And oft, you  
know, when eves were cool,

In summer-time, and through the trees young gnats  
began to be about,  
With some old book upon your knees 't was here you  
watched the stars come out.  
While oft, to please me, you sang through some foolish  
song I made for you.

And there's my epic, — I began when life seemed long,  
though longer art, —  
And all the glorious deeds of man made golden riot in  
my heart, —  
Eight books . . . it will not number nine ! I die before  
my heroine.

Sister ! they say that drowning men in one wild moment  
can recall

Their whole life long, and feel again the pain — the bliss  
— that thronged it all : —

Last night those phantoms of the Past again came  
crowding round me fast.

Near morning, when the lamp was low, against the wall  
they seemed to flit ;

And, as the wavering light would glow or fall, they came  
and went with it.

The ghost of boyhood seemed to gaze down the dark  
verge of vanished days.

Once more the garden where she walked on summer eves  
to tend her flowers,

Once more the lawn where first we talked of future years  
in twilight hours,

Arose ; once more she seemed to pass before me in the  
waving grass

To that old terrace ; her bright hair about her warm neck  
all undone,

And waving on the balmy air, with tinges of the dying  
sun.

Just one star kindling in the west : just one bird singing  
near its nest.

So lovely, so beloved ! O, fair as though that sun had  
never set

Which stayed upon her golden hair, in dreams I seem to  
see her yet !

To see her in that old green place, — the same hushed,  
smiling, cruel face !

A little older, love, than you are now ; and I was then a  
boy ;  
And wild and wayward-hearted too ; to her my passion  
was a toy,  
Soon broken ! ah, a foolish thing, — a butterfly with  
crumpled wing !

Her hair, too, was like yours, — as bright, but with a  
warmer golden tinge :  
Her eyes, — a somewhat deeper light, and dreamed be-  
low a longer fringe :  
And still that strange grave smile she had stays in my  
heart and keeps it sad !

There's no one knows it, truest friend, but you : for I  
have never breathed  
To other ears the frozen end of those spring-garlands  
Hope once wreathed ;  
And death will come before again I breathe that name  
untouched by pain.

From little things, — a star, a flower, — that touched us  
with the selfsame thought,  
My passion deepened hour by hour, until to that fierce  
heat 't was wrought,  
Which, shrivelling over every nerve, crumbled the out-  
works of reserve.

I told her then, in that wild time, the love I knew she  
long had seen ;

The accusing pain that burned like crime, yet left me  
nobler than I had been ;

What matter with what words I wooed her ? She said I  
had misunderstood her.

And something more, — small matter what ! of friend-  
ship something, — sister's love, —

She said that I was young, — knew not my own heart,  
— as the years would prove, —

She wished me happy, — she conceived an interest in me  
— and believed

I should grow up to something great, — and soon forget  
her, — soon forget

This fancy, — and congratulate my life she had released  
it, yet, —

With more such words, — a lie ! a lie ! She broke my  
heart, and flung it by !

A life's libation lifted up, from her proud lip she dashed  
untasted :

There trampled lay love's costly cup, and in the dust the  
wine was wasted.

She knew I could not pour such wine again at any other  
shrine.

Then I remember a numb mood : mad murmurings of  
the words she said :

A slow shame smouldering through my blood ; that  
surged and sung within my head :

And drunken sunlights reeling through the leaves : above,  
the burnished blue



Hot on my eyes, — a blazing shield : a noise among the  
waterfalls :

A free crow up the brown cornfield floating at will :  
faint shepherd-calls :

And reapers reaping in the shocks of gold : and girls  
with purple frocks :

All which the more confused my brain : and nothing  
could I realize

But the great fact of my own pain : I saw the fields :  
I heard the cries :

The crow's shade dwindled up the hill : the world went  
on : my heart stood still.

I thought I held in my hot hand my life crushed up : I  
could have tost

The crumpled riddle from me, and laughed loud to think  
what I had lost.

A bitter strength was in my mind : like Samson, when  
she scorned him, — blind,

And casting reckless arms about the props of life to hug  
them down, —

A madman with his eyes put out. But all my anger was  
my own.

I spared the worm upon my walk : I left the white rose  
on its stalk.

All's over long since. Was it strange that I was mad  
with grief and shame ?

And I would cross the seas, and change my ancient home,  
my father's name?

In the wild hope, if that might be, to change my own  
identity!

I know that I was wrong: I know it was not well to be  
so wild.

But the scorn stung so! . . . Pity now could wound not!  
. . . I have seen her child:

It had the selfsame eyes she had; their gazing almost  
made me mad.

Dark violet eyes whose glances, deep with April-hints of  
sunny tears,

'Neath long soft lashes laid asleep, seemed all too  
thoughtful for her years;

As though from mine her gaze had caught the secret of  
some mournful thought.

But, when she spoke, her father's air broke o'er her . . .  
that clear, confident voice!

Some happy souls there are, that wear their nature lightly;  
these rejoice

The world by living, and receive from all men more than  
what they give.

One handful of their buoyant chaff exceeds our hoards of  
careful grain;

Because their love breaks through their laugh, while ours  
is fraught with tender pain:

The world, that knows itself too sad, is proud to keep  
some faces glad :

And, so it is ! from such an one Misfortune softly steps  
aside  
To let him still walk in the sun. These things must be.  
I cannot chide.  
Had I been she I might have made the selfsame choice.  
She shunned the shade.

To some men God hath given laughter : but tears to some  
men he hath given :  
He bade us sow in tears, hereafter to harvest holier smiles  
in heaven :  
And tears and smiles, they are his gift : both good, to  
smite or to uplift.

He knows his sheep : the wind and showers beat not too  
sharply the shorn lamb :  
His wisdom is more wise than ours : he knew my nature,  
— what I am :  
He tempers smiles with tears : both good, to bear in time  
the Christian mood.

O yet, — in scorn of mean relief, let Sorrow bear her  
heavenly fruit !  
Better the wildest hour of grief than the low pastime of  
the brute !  
Better to weep, — for He wept too, — than laugh as  
every fool can do !

For sure, 't were best to bear the cross ; nor lightly fling  
the thorns behind ;

Lest we grow happy by the loss of what was noblest in  
the mind.

— Here, — in the ruins of my years, — Father, I bless  
thee through these tears !

It was in the far foreign lands this sickness came upon  
me first.

Below strange suns, 'mid alien hands this fever of the  
south was nursed,

Until it reached some vital part. I die not of a broken  
heart.

O think not that ! If I could live . . . there 's much to  
live for, — worthy life.

It is not for what fame could give, — though that I scorn  
not, — but the strife

Were noble for its own sake too. I thought that I had  
much to do, —

But God is wisest ! Hark, again ! . . . 't was yon black  
bittern, as he rose

Against the wild light o'er the fen. How red your little  
casement glows !

The night falls fast. How lonely, Dear, this bleak old  
house will look next year !

So sad a thought . . . ah, yes ! I know it is not good  
to brood on this :

And yet, — such thoughts will come and go, unbidden.  
'T is that you should miss,  
My darling, one familiar tone of this weak voice when I  
am gone.

And, for what's past, — I will not say in what she did  
that all was right,  
But all's forgiven; and I pray for her heart's welfare,  
day and night.  
All things are changed! This cheek would glow even  
near hers but faintly now!

Thou, — God! before whose sleepless eye not even in  
vain the sparrows fall,  
Receive, sustain me! Sanctify my soul. Thou know'st,  
thou lovest all.  
Too weak to walk alone, — I see thy hand: I falter back  
to thee.

Saved from the curse of time which throws its baseness  
on us day by day:  
Its wretched joys, and worthless woes; till all the heart  
is worn away.  
I feel thee near. I hold my breath, by the half-open  
doors of Death.

And sometimes, glimpses from within of glory (wondrous  
sight and sound!)  
Float near me: — faces pure from sin; strange music;  
saints with splendor crowned:

I seem to feel my native air blow down from some high  
region there,

And fan my spirit pure : I rise above the sense of loss  
and pain :

Faint forms that lured my childhood's eyes, long lost, I  
seem to find again :

I see the end of all : I feel hope, awe, no language can  
reveal.

Forgive me, Lord, if overmuch I loved that form thou  
mad'st so fair ;

I know that thou didst make her such ; and fair but as  
the flowers were, —

Thy work : her beauty was but thine ; the human less  
than the divine.

My life hath been one search for thee 'mid thorns found  
red with thy dear blood :

In many a dark Gethsemane I seemed to stand where  
thou hadst stood :

And, scorned in this world's judgment-place, at times,  
through tears, to catch thy face.

Thou sufferedest here, and didst not fail : thy bleeding  
feet these paths have trod :

But thou wert strong, and I am frail : and I am man,  
and thou wert God.

Be near me : keep me in thy sight : or lay my soul asleep  
in light.

O to be where the meanest mind is more than Shake-  
speare! where one look  
Shows more than here the wise can find, though toiling  
slow from book to book!  
Where life is knowledge: love is sure: and hope's brief  
promise made secure.

O dying voice of human praise! the crude ambitions of  
my youth!  
I long to pour immortal lays! great pæans of perennial  
Truth!  
A larger work! a loftier aim! . . . and what are laurel-  
leaves, and fame?

And what are words? How little these the silence of  
the soul express!  
Mere froth, — the foam and flower of seas whose hunger-  
ing waters heave and press  
Against the planets and the sides of night, — mute,  
yearning, mystic tides!

To ease the heart with song is sweet: sweet to be heard  
if heard by love.  
And you have heard me. When we meet, shall we not  
sing the old songs above  
To grander music? Sweet, one kiss. O, blest it is to  
die like this!

To lapse from being without pain: your hand in mine, on  
mine your heart:

The unshaken faith to meet again that sheathes the pang  
with which we part :

My head upon your bosom, sweet : your hand in mine,  
on this old seat !

So ; closer wind that tender arm . . . How the hot tears  
fall ! Do not weep,

Beloved, but let your smile stay warm about me. " In  
the Lord they sleep."

You know the words the Scripture saith . . . O light, O  
Glory ! . . . is this death ?







## DIVIDED.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

### I.

**I**N empty sky, a world of heather,  
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom :  
We two among them wading together,  
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,  
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet :  
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,  
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,  
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,  
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,  
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,  
And short dry grass under foot is brown,  
But one little streak at a distance lieth  
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.



## II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,  
And God he knoweth how blithe we were !  
Never a voice to bid us eschew it ;  
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair !

Hey the green ribbon ! we kneeled beside it,  
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen ;  
Drop over drop there filtered and slided  
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,  
Light was our talk as of faëry bells, —  
Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us,  
Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,  
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring,  
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,  
And said, " Let us follow it westering."

## III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows ;  
Circling above us the black rooks fly,  
Forward, backward : lo, their dark shadows  
Flit on the blossoming tapestry, —

Flit on the beck, — for her long grass parteth,  
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back ;  
And lo, the sun like a lover darteth  
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on ! we sing in the glorious weather,  
Till one step over the tiny strand,  
So narrow, in sooth, that still together  
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.  
On either margin, our songs all done,  
We move apart, while she singeth ever,  
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over," — I may not follow ;  
I cry, "Return," — but he cannot come :  
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow ;  
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

## IV.

A breathing sigh, — a sigh for answer ;  
A little talking of outward things :  
The careless beck is a merry dancer,  
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider, —  
"Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell" :  
"I may not cross," — and the voice beside her  
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path ; ah ! no returning ;  
No second crossing that ripple's flow ;  
"Come to me now, for the west is burning ;  
Come ere it darkens." "Ah, no ! ah, no !"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching, —  
The beck grows wider and swift and deep;  
Passionate words as of one beseeching, —  
The loud beck drowns them: we walk and weep.

## V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,  
A tired queen with her state oppressed,  
Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,  
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;  
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;  
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,  
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places,  
On either marge of the moonlit flood,  
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,  
Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

## VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,  
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;  
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,  
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where the kids are tethered,  
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;  
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,  
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,  
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;  
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,  
The beck, a river, — with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,  
On she goes under fruit-laden trees;  
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,  
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river;  
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;  
But two are walking apart forever,  
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

## VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;  
The river hasteth, her banks recede;  
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding  
Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing —  
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air) —  
And level sands for banks endowing  
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,  
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,  
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,  
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther — I see it — know it —  
My eyes brim over, it melts away :  
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,  
As I walk desolate day by day.

## VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly, —  
A knowledge greater than grief can dim —  
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly —  
Yea, better — e'en better than I love him;

And as I walk by the vast calm river,  
The awful river so dread to see,  
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever  
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."





## JEANIE MORRISON.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

**I**'VE wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through mony a weary way ;  
But never, never can forget  
The luvè o' life's young day !  
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en  
May weel be black 'gin Yule ;  
But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
Where first fond luvè grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
The thochts o' bygone years  
Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
And blind my een wi' tears :  
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
And sair and sick I pine,  
As memory idly summons up  
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,  
'T was then we twa did part ;

Sweet time, — sad time ! twa bairns at scule,  
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !  
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
To leir ilk ither lear ;  
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,  
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
When sitting on that bink,  
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,  
What our wee heads could think.  
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,  
Wi' ae buik on our knee,  
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,  
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,  
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said  
We cleeked thegither hame ?  
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,  
(The scule then skail't at noon,)  
When we ran off to speel the braes, —  
The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about, —  
My heart flows like a sea,  
As ane by ane the thochts rush back  
O' scule-time and o' thee.  
O mornin' life ! O mornin' luvè !  
O lightsome days and lang,



When hinnied hopes around our hearts  
Like simmer blossoms sprang !

O, mind ye, luvie, how aft we left  
The deavin' dinsome toun,  
To wander by the green burnside,  
And hear its waters croon ?  
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,  
The burn sang to the trees, —  
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies ;  
And on the knowe abune the burn  
For hours thegither sat  
In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trickled down your cheek  
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
Had ony power to speak !  
That was a time, a blessed time,  
When hearts were fresh and young,  
When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
Unsyllabled, — unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
Gin I hae been to thee

As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
As ye hae been to me ?  
O, tell me gin their music fills  
Thine ear as it does mine !  
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
I've borne a weary lot ;  
But in my wanderings, far or near,  
Ye never were forgot.  
The fount that first burst frae this heart  
Still travels on its way ;  
And channels deeper, as it rins,  
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Since we were sindered young  
I've never seen your face, nor heard  
The music o' your tongue ;  
But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I dee,  
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
O' bygone days and me !





## LANGLEY LANE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

**I**N all the land, range up, range down,  
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet  
As Langley Lane in London town,  
Just out of the bustle of square and street?  
Little white cottages all in a row,  
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,  
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,  
And up above, the still blue sky  
Where the woolly-white clouds go sailing by, —  
I seem to be able to see it all.

For now, in summer, I take my chair,  
And sit outside in the sun, and hear  
The distant murmur of street and square,  
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;  
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,  
Comes running many a time each day  
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind;  
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,  
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak; —  
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she  
 Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,  
 And I am older by summers three, —  
 Why should we hold each other so dear?  
 Because she cannot utter a word,  
 Nor hear the music of bee or bird,  
 The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call!  
 Because I have never seen the sky,  
 Nor the little singers that hum and fly, —  
 Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,  
 The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,  
 And I hear the water-cart go by,  
 With its cool splash! splash! down the dusty row;  
 And the little one close at my side perceives  
 Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,  
 Where birds are chirping in summer shine;  
 And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,  
 Though she cannot hear, can the singers see, —  
 And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,  
 When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?  
 Do I not know she is pretty and young?  
 Hath not my soul an eye to see?  
 'T is pleasure to make one's bosom stir,  
 To wonder how things appear to her,  
 That I only hear as they pass around;  
 And as long as we sit in the music and light,  
 She is happy to keep God's sight,  
 And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind, —

I made it of music long ago :

Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined

Round the pensive light of a brow of snow ;

And when I sit by my little one,

And hold her hand and talk in the sun,

And hear the music that haunts the place,

I know she is raising her eyes to me,

And guessing how gentle my voice must be,

And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer

(I know the fancy is only vain),

I should pray, just once, when the weather is fair,

To see little Fanny in Langley Lane ;

Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear

The voice of the friend she holds so dear,

The song of the birds, the hum of the street, —

It is better to be as we have been, —

Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,

To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah ! life is pleasant in Langley Lane !

There is always something sweet to hear, —

Chirping of birds or patter of rain,

And Fanny, my little one, always near.

And though I am weakly and can't live long,

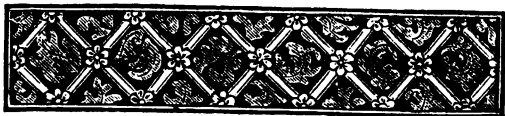
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,

And though we never can married be, —

What then ? — since we hold each other so dear,

For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,

And the pleasure that only one can see ?



## MY LOST YOUTH.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



FTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea ;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill ;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o’er the tide !  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay,  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering’s Woods ;

And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
' Across the school-boy's brain ;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak ;  
There are dreams that cannot die ;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town ;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,



As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will, "  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were  
I find my lost youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."





## THE SLEEPER.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

**A**T midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And softly dripping, drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain-top,  
Steals drowsily and musically  
Into the universal valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave;  
The lily lolls upon the wave;  
Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin moulders into rest;  
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not, for the world, awake.  
All beauty sleeps! — and lo! where lies  
(Her casement open to the skies)  
Irene with her destinies!

O lady bright, can it be right, —  
This window open to the night?

The wanton airs, from the tree-top,  
Laughingly through the lattice drop, —  
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through thy chamber in and out,  
And wave the curtain canopy  
So fitfully, so fearfully,  
Above the closed and fringed lid  
'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,  
That o'er the floor and down the wall  
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!  
O lady dear, hast thou no fear?  
Why and what art thou dreaming here?  
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,  
A wonder to these garden trees!  
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!  
Strange above all thy length of tress,  
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! O may her sleep,  
Which is enduring, so be deep!  
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!  
This chamber changed for one more holy,  
This bed for one more melancholy,  
I pray to God that she may lie  
Forever with unopened eye,  
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by!

My love she sleeps! O may her sleep,  
As it is lasting, so be deep!  
Far in a forest dim and old,  
For her may some tall vault unfold, —

Some vault that oft hath flung its black  
And wingéd panels fluttering back,  
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls  
Of her grand family funerals, —  
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
Against whose portal she hath thrown,  
In childhood, many an idle stone, —  
Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin !  
It was the dead who groaned within.





## INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### I.

**T**HERE was a time when meadow, grove, and  
stream,  
The earth, and every common sight  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it has been of yore ; —  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more !

### II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose ;  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;

Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair ;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief ;  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay ;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday !  
Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
shepherd boy !

## IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make ; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal ;  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.  
O, evil day ! if I were sullen  
While the earth herself is adorning  
This sweet May morning ;  
And the children are pulling,  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm  
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm : —  
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
But there's a tree, of many, one,  
A single field which I have looked upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is gone ;  
The pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat.  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

## v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar ;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows, —  
    He sees it in his joy ;  
The youth, who daily farther from the east  
    Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
    And by the vision splendid  
    Is on his way attended ;  
At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a mother's mind,  
    And no unworthy aim,  
The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her innate man,  
    Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,  
    A six years' darling of a pygmy size !  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art, —  
    A wedding or a festival,  
    A mourning or a funeral ;  
    And this hath now his heart,



And unto this he frames his song :  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
But it will not be long  
Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little actor cons another part,  
Filling from time to time his " humorous stage "  
With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy soul's immensity ;  
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —  
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find ;  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
Thou, over whom thy immortality  
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
A presence which is not to be put by ;  
— Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## IX.

O joy, that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benedictions, not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest, —  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast ;  
Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence ; truths that wake,  
    To perish never ;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
    Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
    Hence in a season of calm weather,  
    Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
    Which brought us hither ;  
    Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !  
We in thought will join your throng,  
    Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
    Ye that through your hearts to-day  
    Feel the gladness of the May !  
What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now forever taken from my sight,  
    Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
    We will grieve not, rather find  
    Strength in what remains behind,  
    In the primal sympathy  
    Which having been, must ever be ;

In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
I only have relinquished one delight,  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they :  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet ;  
The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality !  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live.  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.





## ODE TO HAPPINESS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### I.

**S**PIRIT that rarely comest now,  
And only to contrast my gloom,  
Like rainbow-feathered birds that bloom  
A moment on some autumn bough,  
Which with the spurn of their farewell  
Sheds its last leaves, — thou once didst dwell  
With me year-long, and make intense  
To boyhood's wisely vacant days  
That fleet, but all-sufficing grace  
Of trustful inexperience,  
While yet the soul transfigured sense,  
And thrilled, as with love's first caress,  
At life's mere unexpectedness.

### II.

Those were thy days, blithe spirit, those  
When a June sunshine could fill up  
The chalice of a buttercup  
With such Falernian juice as flows

No longer, — for the vine is dead  
Whence that inspiring drop was shed :  
Days when my blood would leap and run,  
As full of morning as a breeze,  
Or spray tossed up by summer seas  
That doubts if it be sea or sun ;  
Days that flew swiftly, like the band  
That in the Grecian games had strife  
And passed from eager hand to hand  
The onward-dancing torch of life.

## III.

Wing-footed ! thou abid'st with him  
Who asks it not : but he who hath  
Watched o'er the waves thy fading path  
Shall nevermore on ocean's rim,  
At morn or eve, behold returning  
Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward yearning !  
Thou first reveal'st to us thy face  
Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace,  
A moment glimpsed, then seen no more, —  
Thou whose swift footsteps we can trace  
Away from every mortal door !

## IV.

Nymph of the unreturning feet,  
How may I woo thee back ? But no,  
I do thee wrong to call thee so ;  
'T is we are changed, not thou art fleet :  
The man thy presence feels again,  
Not in the blood, but in the brain,

Spirit that lov'st the upper air,  
Serene and vaporless and rare,  
Such as on mountain-heights we find  
And wide-viewed uplands of the mind,  
Or such as scorns to coil and sing  
Round any but the eagle's wing  
Of souls that with long upward beat  
Have won an undisturbed retreat,  
Where, poised like wingéd victories,  
They mirror in unflinching eyes  
The life broad-basking 'neath their feet, —  
Man always with his Now at strife,  
Pained with first gasps of earthly air,  
Then begging Death the last to spare,  
Still fearful of the ampler life.

## v.

Not unto them dost thou consent  
Who, passionless, can lead at ease  
A life of unalloyed content,  
A life like that of landlocked seas,  
That feel no elemental gush  
Of tidal forces, no fierce rush  
Of storm deep-grasping, scarcely spent  
'Twixt continent and continent :  
Such quiet souls have never known  
Thy truer inspiration, thou  
Who lov'st to feel upon thy brow  
Spray from the plunging vessel thrown,  
Grazing the tusked lee shore, the cliff  
That o'er the abrupt gorge holds its breath,

Where the frail hair's-breadth of an If  
Is all that sunders life and death :  
These, too, are cared for, and round these  
Bends her mild crook thy sister Peace ;  
These in unvexed dependence lie  
Each 'neath his space of household sky ;  
O'er them clouds wander, or the blue  
Hangs motionless the whole day through ;  
Stars rise for them, and moons grow large  
And lessen in such tranquil wise  
As joys and sorrows do that rise  
Within their nature's sheltered marge ;  
Their hours into each other flit,  
Like the leaf-shadows of the vine  
And fig-tree under which they sit ;  
And their still lives to heaven incline  
With an unconscious habitude,  
Unhistoried as smokes that rise  
From happy hearths and sight elude  
In kindred blue of morning skies.

## VI.

Wayward ! when once we feel thy lack,  
'T is worse than vain to tempt thee back !  
Yet there is one who seems to be  
Thine elder sister, in whose eyes  
A faint, far northern light will rise  
Sometimes and bring a dream of thee :  
She is not that for which youth hoped ;  
But she hath blessings all her own,  
Thoughts pure as lilies newly oped,



And faith to sorrow given alone :  
Almost I deem that it is thou  
Come back with graver matron brow,  
With deepened eyes and bated breath,  
Like one who somewhere had met Death.  
“ But no,” she answers, “ I am she  
Whom the gods love, Tranquillity ;  
That other whom you seek forlorn  
Half-earthly was ; but I am born  
Of the immortals, and our race  
Have still some sadness in our face :  
He wins me late, but keeps me long,  
Who, dowered with every gift of passion,  
In that fierce flame can forge and fashion  
Of sin and self the anchor strong ;  
Can thence compel the driving force  
Of daily life’s mechanic course,  
Nor less the nobler energies  
Of needful toil and culture wise :  
Whose soul is worth the tempter’s lure,  
Who can renounce and yet endure,  
To him I come, not lightly wooed,  
And won by silent fortitude.”





## L' ALLEGRO.

BY JOHN MILTON.

**H**ENCE, loathéd Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born !  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy,  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings ;  
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,  
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more  
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore ;  
Or whether (as some sages sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephýr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying,

There, on beds of violets blue  
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek, —  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it, as ye go,  
On the light fantastic toe;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty :  
And, if I give thee honor due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unprovoked pleasures free :  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull Night  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come in spite of Sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow  
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine,  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn door,

Stoutly struts his dames before ;  
Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;  
Sometime walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures,  
Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The laboring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim and daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savory dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth and many a maid  
Dancing in the checkered shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday,  
Till the livelong daylight fail;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat:  
How fairy Mab the junkets eat:  
She was pinched and pulled, she said;  
And he, by friar's lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set.  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
That ten day-laborers could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,

Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp and feast and revelry,  
With mask and antique pageantry, —  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learnéd sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony ;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.





## IL PENSEROSO.

BY JOHN MILTON.

**F**ENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
The brood of Folly without father bred !  
How little you bestead,  
Or fill the fixéd mind with all your toys !  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams, —  
Or likest hovering dreams,  
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy !  
Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore, to our weaker view,  
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue, —  
Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.



Yet thou art higher far descended ;  
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore,  
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain) ;  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn !  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step and musing gait  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad, leaden, downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;  
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;  
And add to these retiréd Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;  
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,  
The cherub Contemplation ;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy !  
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;  
And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heavens' wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound  
Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
Or, if the air will not permit,  
Some still removéd place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm

To bless the doors from nightly harm ;  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower !  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what Love did seek !  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass

On which the Tartar king did ride !  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud.  
Or ushered with a shower still  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.  
And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
To archéd walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heavéd stroke  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt;  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from Day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such concert as they keep,

Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep ;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid ;  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high embow'd roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows, richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew,  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.



## DRIFTING.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

**M**Y soul to-day  
Is far away,  
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;  
My wingéd boat,  
A bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks  
It sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim  
The mountains swim;  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands,  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

## LITTLE CLASSICS.

Here Ischia smiles  
 O'er liquid miles ;  
 And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
 Calm Capri waits,  
 Her sapphire gates  
 Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
 My rippling skiff  
 Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ; —  
 With dreamful eyes  
 My spirit lies  
 Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
 Where swells and falls  
 The Bay's deep breast at intervals  
 At peace I lie,  
 Blown softly by,  
 A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,  
 Is Heaven's own child,  
 With Earth and Ocean reconciled ; —  
 The airs I feel  
 Around me steal  
 And murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
 My hand I trail  
 In shade





O happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip!  
O happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise!





## THE LOTOS-EATERS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

### I.

**C**OURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land;  
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward  
soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land  
In which it seeméd always afternoon.  
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;  
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

### II.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;  
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,  
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.  
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,  
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
Stood sunset-flushed; and, dewed with showery drops,  
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

## III.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown  
In the red west : through mountain-clefts the dale  
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale  
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;  
A land where all things always seemed the same !  
And round about the keel, with faces pale,  
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

## IV.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave  
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,  
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;  
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

## V.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon, upon the shore ;  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore  
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
Then some one said, " We will return no more " ;  
And all at once they sang. " Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam."

## CHORIC SONG.

## I.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.  
Here are cool mosses deep,  
And through the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

## II.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness?  
All things have rest: why should we toil alone?  
We only toil, who are the first of things,  
And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:  
Nor ever fold our wings,  
And cease our wanderings,  
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;  
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,  
"There is no joy but calm!"  
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

## III.

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,  
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow  
Falls, and floats adown the air.  
Lo ! sweetened with the summer light,  
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night.  
All its allotted length of days,  
The flower ripens in its place,  
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

## IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.  
Death is the end of life ; ah ! why  
Should life all labor be ?  
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.  
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil ? Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?  
All things have rest and ripen toward the grave,

In silence ripen, fall, and cease :  
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease !

## V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream !  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;  
To hear each other's whispered speech ;  
Eating the Lotos, day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray :  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;  
To muse and brood and live again in memory,  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heaped over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

## VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
And dear the last embraces of our wives,  
And their warm tears ; but all hath suffered change ;  
For surely now our household hearths are cold :  
Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :  
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
Or else the island princes, over-bold,  
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
Is there confusion in the little isle ?

Let what is broken so remain.  
The gods are hard to reconcile :  
'T is hard to settle order once again.  
There *is* confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Long labor unto aged breath,  
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars,  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

## VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly),  
With half-dropt eyelids still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
His waters from the purple hill, —  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave through the thick-twinéd vine, —  
To hear the emerald-colored water falling  
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine !  
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.

## VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :  
The Lotos blows by every winding creek :  
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :  
Through every hollow cave and alley lone  
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dust  
    is blown.  
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,

Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge  
was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains  
in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.  
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled  
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly  
curled

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming  
world;

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps,  
and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and  
praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful  
song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong;  
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,  
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil;  
Till they perish and they suffer, — some, 't is whispered  
— down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;  
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.





## THE END OF THE PLAY.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

**T**HE play is done, — the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say farewell.  
It is an irksome word and task ;  
And, when he 's laughed and said his say,  
He shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that 's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends, —  
Let 's close it with a parting rhyme ;  
And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
As fits the merry Christmas-time ;  
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts  
That fate ere long shall bid you play ;  
Good-night ! — with honest gentle hearts  
A kindly greeting go away !

Good-night ! — I 'd say the griefs, the joys,  
Just hinted in this mimic page,

The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
Are but repeated in our age ;  
I'd say your woes were not less keen,  
Your hopes more vain, than those of men, —  
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive  
Not less nor more as men than boys, —  
With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
As erst at twelve in corduroys ;  
And if, in time of sacred youth,  
We learned at home to love and pray,  
Pray Heaven that early love and truth  
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
I'd say how fate may change and shift, —  
The prize be sometimes with the fool,  
The race not always to the swift ;  
The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
The great man be a vulgar clown,  
The knave be lifted over all,  
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?  
Blessed be He who took and gave !  
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
Be weeping at her darling's grave ?  
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,  
That darkly rules the fate of all,

That sends the respite or the blow,  
That 's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit, —  
Who brought him to that mirth and state ?  
His betters, see, below him sit,  
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel  
To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?  
Come, brother, in that dust we 'll kneel;  
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed, —  
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
And longing passion unfulfilled.  
Amen ! — whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the awful will,  
And bear it with an honest heart.  
Who misses, or who wins the prize, —  
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young !  
(Bear kindly with my humble lays ;)

The sacred chorus first was sung  
Upon the first of Christmas days ;  
The shepherds heard it overhead,—  
The joyful angels raised it then :  
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
And peace on earth to gentle men !

My song, save this, is little worth ;  
I lay the weary pen aside,  
And wish you health and love and mirth,  
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still, —  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will.





## ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

**T**HE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,



Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour ;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where, through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest ;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.



For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate,  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :  
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

" One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

" The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne ; —  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

## THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, —  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.





## THE HIGH TIDE

ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571).

BY JEAN INGELOW.

**T**HE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three;  
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;  
Good ringers, pull your best!" quoth he.  
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
Ply all your changes, all your swells!  
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby'!"

Men say it was a stolen tyde, —  
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall:  
And there was naught of strange, beside  
The flights of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore;  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes:  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies;

And dark against day's golden death  
She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,  
Ere the early dewes were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.  
"Cusha ! Cusha !" all along ;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,  
"For the dewes will soon be falling ;  
Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow ;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow ;  
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head ;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,  
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,  
When I beginne to think howe long,  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;  
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,

Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
That ring the tune of "Enderby."

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
Save where, full fyve good miles away,  
The steeple towered from out the greene;  
And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country side  
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds, where their sedges are,  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath;  
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,  
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,  
Came downe that kyndly message free,  
"The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple shows.  
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,  
What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of "Enderby"!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down;  
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the towne.

But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might and main;  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,  
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"  
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe,  
The rising tide comes on apace;  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
He shook as one that looks on death:  
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth;  
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away  
With her two bairns I marked her long;  
And ere yon bells beganne to play,  
Afar I heard her milking-song."  
He looked across the grassy sea,  
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"  
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;  
For lo! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.

It swept with thunderous noises loud,  
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,  
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;  
Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.  
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout, —  
Then beaten foam flew round about, —  
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night;  
The noise of bells went sweeping by:  
I marked the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church-tower, red and high, —  
A lurid mark, and dread to see;  
And awesome bells they were to mee,  
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide,  
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;  
And I, — my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:

And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
"O, come in life, or come in death !  
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth !"

And didst thou visit him no more ?  
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare.  
The waters laid thee at his doore,  
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;  
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !  
To manye more than myne and me :  
But each will mourn his own (she sayth),  
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
By the reedy Lindis shore,  
"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,  
Ere the early dewes be falling ;  
I shall never hear her song,  
"Cusha ! Cusha !" all along,  
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
Goeth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
Where the water, winding down,  
Onward floweth to the town.



I shall never see her more,  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
    Shiver, quiver,  
Stand beside the sobbing river, —  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,  
To the sandy, lonesome shore.  
I shall never hear her calling,  
“ Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,  
    Mellow, mellow ;  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot ;  
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
    Hollow, hollow ;  
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow ;  
    Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
From your clovers lift the head ;  
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed.”





## LYCIDAS.

BY JOHN MILTON.




ET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due ;  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the Sacred Well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse ;  
So may some gentle Muse

With lucky words favor my destined urn,  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud ;  
For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove afield, and both together heard,  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Tempered to the oaten flute ;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad song would not be absent long,  
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone, —  
Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes, mourn ;  
The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen,  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
When first the white-thorn blows ;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.



Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream, —  
Ay me! I fondly dream!  
Had ye been there, — for what could that have done?  
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal Nature did lament,  
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble minds)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,  
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;  
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glittering foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies ;  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood ;  
But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea ;  
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?  
And questioned every gust of rugged winds  
That blows from off each beakéd promontory ;  
They knew not of his story ;  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,  
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe  
Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?  
Last came, and last did go,

The pilot of the Galilean Lake ;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :  
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !  
Of other care they little reckoning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;  
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least  
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !  
What recks it them ? what need they ? they are sped ;  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said : —  
But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth!  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more!  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;  
So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear night of Him that walked the waves,  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;  
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;  
He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.  
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay ;  
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :  
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.







## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Drowned! drowned!" — HAMLET.

**O**NE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care!  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements,  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!  
Think of her mournfully,

Gently and humanly, —  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny,  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, —  
One of Eve's family, —  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb, —  
Her fair auburn tresses, —  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
O, it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed, —  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence ;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver ;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river ;  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled, —  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the w

In she plunged boldly, —  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran, —  
Over the brink of it!  
Picture it, — think of it!  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care!  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!  
Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,

Into her rest !  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour !





## THE PROBLEM.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

**L**IKE a church; I like a cowl, —  
I love a prophet of the soul;  
And on my heart monastic aisles  
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;  
Yet not for all his faith can see,  
Would I that cowléd churchman be.  
Why should the vest on him allure  
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
Never from lips of cunning fell  
The thrilling Delphic oracle;  
Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old;  
The litanies of nations came,  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below, —  
The canticles of love and woe;  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,

Wrought in a sad sincerity ;  
Himself from God he could not free ;  
He builded better than he knew, —  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest  
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast ?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell ?  
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads ?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone ;  
And morning opes with haste her lids  
To gaze upon the pyramids ;  
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye :  
For out of thought's interior sphere  
These worders rose to upper air ;  
And nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.  
These temples grew as grows the grass, —  
Art might obey, but not surpass.  
The passive master lent his hand  
To the vast soul that o'er him planned ;  
And the same power that reared the shrine  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.

Ever the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless host,  
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
And through the priest the mind inspires.  
The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;  
The word by seers or sibyls told,  
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.  
I know what say the fathers wise, —  
The book itself before me lies, —  
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,  
And he who blent both in his line,  
The younger golden lips or mines, —  
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines ;  
His words are music in my ear, —  
I see his cowléd portrait dear ;  
And yet, for all his faith could see,  
I would not the good bishop be.







## EXTREME UNCTION.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

**C**O! leave me, Priest ; my soul would be  
Alone with the consoler Death ;  
Far sadder eyes than thine will see  
This crumbling clay yield up its breath ;  
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains  
Than holy oil can cleanse away, —  
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains,  
As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes  
Some faith from youth's traditions wrung ;  
This fruitless husk which dustward dries  
Has been a heart once, has been young :  
On this bowed head the awful Past  
Once laid its consecrating hands :  
The Future in its purpose vast  
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look ! whose shadows block the door ?  
Who are those two that stand aloof ?

See! on my hands this freshening gore  
Writes o'er again its crimson proof!  
My looked-for death-bed guests are met,  
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,  
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,  
The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep and says,  
"I gave thee the great gift of life;  
Wast thou not called in many ways?  
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?  
I gave thee of my seed to sow,  
Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?"  
Can I look up with face aglow,  
And answer, "Father, here is gold"?

I have been innocent; God knows,  
When first this wasted life began,  
Not grape with grape more kindly grows  
Than I with every brother-man;  
Now here I gasp; what lose my kind,  
When this fast-ebbing breath shall part?  
What bands of love and service bind  
This being to the world's sad heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth  
Without a place to lay his head;  
He found free welcome at my hearth,  
He shared my cup and broke my bread;  
Now, when I hear those steps sublime,  
That bring the other world to this,

My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,  
Starts sideways with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,  
God said, "Another man shall be,"  
And the great Maker did not scorn  
Out of himself to fashion me ;  
He sunned me with his ripening looks,  
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,  
As effortless as woodland nooks  
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,  
Am exiled back to brutish clod,  
Have borne unquenched for fourscore years  
A spark of the eternal God ;  
And to what end ? How yield I back  
The trust for such high uses given ?  
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track  
Whereby to crawl away from heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight  
To see a soul just set adrift  
On that drear voyage from whose night  
The ominous shadows never lift ;  
But 't is more awful to behold  
A helpless infant newly born,  
Whose little hands unconscious hold  
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once ; I flung away  
Those keys that night have open set

The golden sluices of the day,  
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;  
I hear the reapers singing go  
Into God's harvest; I, that might  
With them have chosen, here below  
Grove shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once was mine!  
O high ideal! all in vain  
Ye enter at this ruined shrine  
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;  
The bat and owl inhabit here,  
The snake nests in the altar-stone,  
The sacred vessels moulder near,  
The image of the God is gone.





## RABBI BEN EZRA.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

**C**ROW old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made;  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God : see all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,  
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,  
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"  
Not that, admiring stars,  
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars :  
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends  
them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears,  
Annulling youth's brief years,  
Do I remonstrate, — folly wide the mark!  
Rather I prize the doubt  
Low kinds exist without,  
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,  
 Were man but formed to feed  
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:  
 Such feasting ended, then  
 As sure an end to men;  
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-  
 crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied  
 To That which doth provide  
 And not partake, effect and not receive!  
 A spark disturbs our clod;  
 Nearer we hold of God  
 Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff  
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!  
 Be our joys three parts pain!  
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the  
 throe!

For thence — a paradox  
 Which comforts while it mocks —  
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:  
 What I aspired to be,  
 And was not, comforts me:  
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute  
 Whose flesh hath soul to suit,

Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play ?

To man, propose this test, —

Thy body at its best

How far can that project thy soul on its lone way ?

Yet gifts should prove their use :

I own the Past profuse

Of power each side, perfection every turn :

Eyes, ears took in their dole,

Brain treasured up the whole ;

Should not the heart beat once, “ How good to live and  
learn ” ?

Not once beat, “ Praise be Thine !

I see the whole design,

I, who saw Power, shall see Love perfect too ;

Perfect I call Thy plan :

Thanks that I was a man !

Maker, remake, complete, — I trust what Thou shalt do ! ”

For pleasant is this flesh ;

Our soul, in its rose-mesh

Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest :

Would we some prize might hold

To match these manifold

Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as we did best !

Let us not always say,

“ Spite of this flesh to-day

I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole ! ”

As the bird wings and sings,

Let us cry, " All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps  
soul ! "

Therefore I summon age  
To grant youth's heritage,  
Life's struggle having so far reached its term :  
Thence shall I pass, approved  
A man, for aye removed  
From the developed brute ; a god, though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon  
Take rest, ere I be gone  
Once more on my adventure brave and new :  
Fearless and unperplexed,  
When I wage battle next,  
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try  
My gain or loss thereby ;  
Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold :  
And I shall weigh the same,  
Give life its praise or blame :  
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts,  
A certain moment cuts  
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray :  
A whisper from the west  
Shoots, — " Add this to the rest,  
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day."



So, still within this life,  
Though lifted o'er its strife,  
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,  
"This rage was right i' the main,  
That acquiescence vain :  
The Future I may face, now I have proved the Past."

For more is not reserved  
To man, with soul just nerved  
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :  
Here, work enough to watch  
The Master work, and catch  
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tools' true play.

As it was better, youth  
Should strive, through acts uncouth,  
Toward making, than repose on aught found made ;  
So, better, age, exempt  
From strife, should know, than tempt  
Further. Thou waitedst age ; wait death nor be afraid !

Enough now, if the Right  
And Good and Infinite  
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thy own,  
With knowledge absolute,  
Subject to no dispute  
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,  
Severed great minds from small,  
Announced to each his station in the Past !

Was I, the world arraigned,  
Were they, my soul disdained,  
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?  
Ten men love what I hate,  
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;  
Ten, who in ears and eyes  
Match me: we all surmise,  
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass  
Called "work" must sentence pass,  
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;  
O'er which, from level stand,  
The low world laid its hand,  
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main account;  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;  
All I could never be,  
All men ignored in me,  
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that potter's wheel,  
That metaphor! and feel  
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay, —  
Thou, to whom fools propound,  
When the wine makes its round,  
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

Fool! all that is, at all,  
Lasts ever, past recall;  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:  
What entered into thee,  
That was, is, and shall be:  
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance  
Of plastic circumstance,  
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:  
Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves  
Which ran the laughing loves  
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?  
What though, about thy rim,  
Skull-things in order grim  
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down, but up!  
To uses of a cup,  
The festal board, lamp's flash, and trumpet's peal,

The new wine's foaming flow,  
The Master's lips aglow !  
Thou, Heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with  
earth's wheel ?

But I need, now as then,  
Thee, God, who moulded men ;  
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,  
Did I — to the wheel of life,  
With shapes and colors rife,  
Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to slake thy thirst ;

So, take and use thy work !  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !  
My times be in thy hand !  
Perfect the cup as planned !  
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !





## MESSIAH.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

**T**he nymphs of Solyma, begin the song, —  
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,  
Delight no more, — O thou my voice inspire  
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !  
Rapt into future times the bard begun :  
A virgin shall conceive, — a virgin bear a son !  
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise  
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies !  
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !  
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, —  
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;  
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !  
O spring to light ! auspicious babe, be born !  
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
With all the incense of the breathing Spring !  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance ;  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;  
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !  
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers :  
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !  
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply, —  
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity. .  
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies !  
Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye valleys, rise !  
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay !  
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !  
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold, —  
Hear Him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold !  
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day ;  
'T is He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear ;  
The dumb shall sing ; the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear, —  
From every face He wipes off every tear.  
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,  
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,

By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;  
The tender lambs He raises in His arms, —  
Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms : —  
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage, —  
The promised Father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes ;  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.  
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field ;  
The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise ;  
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods ;  
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,  
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;  
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,  
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed ;  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake, —



Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
And with their forkéd tongue shall innocently play.  
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !  
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes !  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !  
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,  
And heaped with products of Sabea springs !  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day !  
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;  
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,  
O'erflow thy courts ; the Light himself shall shine  
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !  
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;  
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !







## THE PASSIONS.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

**W**HEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Thronged around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;  
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatched her instruments of sound;  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each (for madness ruled the hour)  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed ; his eyes on fire  
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,  
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled, —  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;  
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair, —  
What was thy delightful measure ?  
Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still through all the song ;  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.  
And longer had she sung, but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose :

He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,  
And with a withering look  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat ;  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity at his side  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,  
While each strained ball of sight seemed pursuing from  
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed.

Sad proof of thy distressful state;  
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed:

And now it courted Love, now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,

Pale Melancholy sate retired,

And from her wild sequestered seat,

In notes by distance made more sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;

And, dashing soft from rocks around,

Bubbling runnels joined the sound;

Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,

Round a holy calm diffusing,

Love of peace and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how altered was its sprightlier tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known!

The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed queen,

Satyr and sylvan boys, were seen,

Peeping from forth their alleys green;

Brown Eternity rejoiced to hear,

And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.

His own joy's ecstasies!

He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,  
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;  
They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings.  
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;  
And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.  
O Music, sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,  
Why, goddess, why to us denied,  
Layest thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
As in that loved Athenian bower  
You learned an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,  
Can well recall what then it heard.  
Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
Fill thy recording Sister's page :  
'T is said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,

Than all which charms this laggard age,  
Even all at once together found  
*Cecilia's* mingled world of sound.  
O bid our vain endeavors cease,  
Revive the just designs of Greece !  
Return in all thy simple state !  
Confirm the tales her sons relate !





## ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

I.



WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son,  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne ;  
His valiant peers were placed around,  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;  
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)  
The lovely Thaïs, by his side,  
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high  
Amid the tuneful choir,

With flying fingers touched the lyre ;  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove,  
Who left his blissful seats above,  
(Such is the power of mighty love.)  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;  
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia pressed,  
And while he sought her snowy breast ;  
Then round her slender waist he curled,  
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.  
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
A present deity, they shout around ;  
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.  
With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

## III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,  
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.  
The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;  
Flushed with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face ;  
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.  
Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain ;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
    Rich the treasure,  
    Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## IV.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;  
Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the  
    slain.

The master saw the madness rise,  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
And while he heaven and earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.  
    He chose a mournful Muse,  
    Soft pity to infuse ;  
He sung Darius great and good,  
    By too severe a fate  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
    Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood.  
Deserted at his utmost need  
By those his former bounty fed,  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyous victor sate,  
    Revolving in his altered soul  
    The various turns of chance below ;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
    And tears began to flow.



## V.

The mighty master smiled to see  
That love was in the next degree ;  
'T was but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love.  
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
Honor but an empty bubble,  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying ;  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee.  
The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;  
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

## VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has raised up his head ;  
As awaked from the dead,  
And amazed, he stares around.  
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
See the Furies arise ;  
See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand !  
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain ;  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew.  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

## VII.

Thus long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
While organs yet were mute,  
Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown :  
He raised a mortal to the skies :  
She drew an angel down.

*Wm B. Ford*  
*Genl. Secy.*





## THE SWORD-CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDL

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



IS not the gray hawk's flight  
O'er mountain and mere;  
'T is not the fleet hound's course  
Tracking the deer;  
'T is not the light hoof-print  
Of black steed or gray,  
Though sweltering it gallop  
A long summer's day;  
Which mete forth the lordships  
I challenge as mine;  
Ha! ha! 't is the good brand  
I clutch in my strong hand,  
That can their broad marches  
And numbers define.  
LAND-GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,  
Base tillers of earth,  
Gaping, ask me what lordships  
I owned at my birth;

But the pale fools wax mute  
When I point with my sword  
East, west, north, and south,  
Shouting, "There am I lord!"  
Wold and waste, town and tower,  
Hill, valley, and stream,  
Trembling, bow to my sway  
In the fierce battle-fray,  
When the star that rules Fate is  
This falchion's red gleam.  
MIGHT-GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding,  
In brave bower and hall,  
I've drunk the sweet music  
That bright lips let fall,  
I've hunted in greenwood,  
And heard small birds sing;  
But away with this idle  
And cold jargoning;  
The music I love is  
The shout of the brave,  
The yell of the dying,  
The scream of the flying,  
When this arm wields death's sickle,  
And garners the grave.  
JOY-GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean  
Thy lightning have known,  
And wide o'er the mainland  
Thy horrors have shone.

Great sword of my father,  
 Stern joy of his hand,  
 Thou hast carved his name deep on  
 The stranger's red strand,  
 And won him the glory  
 Of undying song,  
 Keen cleaver of gay crests,  
 Sharp piercer of broad breasts,  
 Grim slayer of heroes,  
 And scourge of the strong.  
 FAME-GIVER ! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding  
 Than that the heart knows  
 For maiden more lovely  
 Than summer's first rose,  
 My heart's knit to thine,  
 And lives but for thee ;  
 In dreamings of gladness,  
 Thou 'rt dancing with me  
 Brave measures of madness  
 In some battle-field,  
 Where armor is ringing,  
 And noble blood springing,  
 And cloven, yawn helmet,  
 Stout hauber, and shield.  
 DEATH-GIVER ! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye  
 Soon may depart ;  
 And light is the faith of  
 Fair woman's heart ;

Changeful as light clouds,  
And wayward as wind,  
Be the passions that govern  
Weak woman's mind.  
But thy metal's as true  
As its polish is bright;  
When ills wax in number,  
Thy love will not slumber,  
But, starlike, burns fiercer,  
The darker the night.  
HEART-GLADDENER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished  
By war or by wave, —  
Now, childless and sireless,  
I long for the grave.  
When the path of our glory  
Is shadowed in death,  
With me thou wilt slumber  
Below the brown heath;  
Thou wilt rest on my bosom,  
And with it decay, —  
While harps shall be ringing,  
And Skalds shall be singing  
The deeds we have done in  
Our old fearless day.  
SONG-GIVER! I kiss thee.



## THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

**O** the lords of convention 't was Claverhouse  
spoke,  
"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are  
crowns to be broke;

So let each cavalier who loves honor and me  
Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat ;  
But the Provost, douce man, said, " Just e'en let him be,  
The gude toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee ! "

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*



As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow  
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;  
But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie and  
slee,

Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee !

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*

With sour-featured whigs the grass-market was thranged  
As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged ;  
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ee,  
As they watched for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*

These cowl of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers ;  
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free  
At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,  
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke :

“Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or  
three,

For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.”

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes, —

“Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!

Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,

O, that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*

“There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth ;

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the  
north ;

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three

Will cry ‘Hoigh!’ for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*

“There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide,

There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside ;

The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,

At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*

“ Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks ;  
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox ;  
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
You have not seen the last of my bonnets and me.”

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,  
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,  
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea  
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can ;  
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men ;  
Come open your doors and let me gae free,  
For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee !*





## LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WIZARD.

**L**OCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle  
array;  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.  
They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown; —  
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!  
O, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

## LOCHIEL.

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

## WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !  
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth  
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north !  
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !  
Ah ! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?  
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
O crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;  
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

## LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

## WIZARD.

— Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day !  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;  
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !  
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :  
Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !  
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors :  
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores,  
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?  
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?  
Ah, no ! for a darker departure is near ;  
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;  
His death-bell is tolling : O mercy, dispel  
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !  
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,

And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,  
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

## LOCHIEL.

— Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale ;  
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their  
gore,  
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !  
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame !





## NASEBY.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.



WHEREFORE come ye forth in triumph from  
the north,  
With your hands, and your feet, and your rai-  
ment all red ?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?  
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that ye tread ?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;  
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the  
strong,  
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June  
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,  
And the man of blood was there, with his long essenced  
hair,  
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
The General rode along us to form us for the fight.:



When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a  
shout

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
The cry of battle rises along their charging line :  
For God ! for the cause ! for the Church ! for the laws !  
For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his  
drums,  
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall ;  
They are bursting on our flanks ! Grasp your pikes !  
Close your ranks !  
For Rupert never comes but to conquer, or to fall.

They are here, — they rush on, — we are broken, — we  
are gone, —  
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the  
right !  
Stand back to back, in God's name ! and fight it to the  
last !

Stout Skippen hath a wound, — the centre hath given  
ground.  
Hark ! hark ! what means the trampling of horsemen on  
our rear ?  
Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'T is he ! thank God !  
't is he, boys !  
Bear up another minute ! Brave Oliver is here !

• Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the  
dikes,  
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar ;  
And he — he turns ! he flies ! shame on those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war !

Ho, comrades ! scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the  
slain,  
First give another stab to make your search secure ;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces  
and locketts,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts  
were gay and bold,  
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;  
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the  
rocks  
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven and  
hell and fate ?  
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades ?  
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths ?  
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and  
your spades ?

Down ! down ! forever down, with the mitre and the  
crown !

With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the  
Pope !

There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's  
stalls ;

The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's  
sword ;

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they  
hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the houses and  
the word !





## FONTENROY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

**T**HREE at the huts of Fontenoy the English  
column failed ;  
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch  
in vain assailed ;  
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking  
battery,  
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch  
auxiliary.  
As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers  
burst,  
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and  
dispersed,  
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,  
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride !  
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at  
eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread ;  
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their  
head.

Steady they step down the slope, steady they mount the  
hill.

Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward  
still.

Between the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace-  
pass.

Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets show-  
ering fast:

And on the open plain above they rose and kept their  
course.

With steady fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile  
force.

Not Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their  
ranks.

They break as breaks the Zuyder Zee through Holland's  
reem-dikes.

More able than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush  
round:

As sailing at the low tide, French squadrons strew the  
ground:

Rounded and grape and round-shot tore, still on they  
marched and fired:

Far from each village, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"First on my horsehood cavalry!" King Louis madly cried.

To dash they rush, but rode their shock, not avenged  
they died.

On through the camp the column trod, — King Louis  
turned his rein.

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed: "the Irish troops  
remain."

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,  
Had not these exiles ready been, fresh, vehement, and  
true.

“Lord Clare,” he said, “you have your wish ; there are  
your Saxon foes !”

The Marshal almost smiles to see how furiously he goes.  
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who ’re wont to be  
so gay !

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts  
to-day :

The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith ’t was writ  
could dry ;

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their wo-  
men’s parting cry ;

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country  
overthrown ;—

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him  
alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere  
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles  
were.

O’Brien’s voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he com-  
mands :

“Fix bayonets — charge !” Like mountain storm rush  
on these fiery bands.

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys  
grow,

Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a  
gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle  
wind ;  
Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like rocks the men  
behind !  
One volley crashes from their line, when through the  
surging smoke,  
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong  
Irish broke.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza !  
" Revenge ! remember Limerick ! dash down the Sacs-  
nagh ! "

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,  
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang ;  
Bright was their steel, 't is bloody now, their guns are  
filled with gore ;  
Through shattered ranks and severed files and trampled  
flags they tore.  
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, ral-  
lied, scattered, fled ;  
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with  
dead.  
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous  
wrack,  
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,  
With bloody plumes the Irish stand, — the field is fought  
and won !



## AT PORT ROYAL. 1861.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



HE tent-lights glimmer on the land,  
The ship-lights on the sea ;  
The night-wind smooths with drifting sand  
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,  
Our good boats forward swing ;  
And while we ride the land-locked tide,  
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts  
Of music and of song :  
The gold that kindly Nature sifts  
Among his sands of wrong ;

The power to make his toiling days  
And poor home-comforts please ;  
The quaint relief of mirth that plays  
With sorrow's minor keys.



Another glow than sunset's fire  
Has filled the West with light,  
Where field and garner, barn and byre,  
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,  
The rout runs mad and fast ;  
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,  
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across  
Dark faces broad with smiles :  
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss  
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,  
They weave in simple lays  
The pathos of remembered wrong,  
The hope of better days, —

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,  
The joy of uncaged birds :  
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue  
Their broken Saxon words.

#### SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

O, PRAISE an' tanks ! De Lord he come  
To set de people free ;  
An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
An' we ob jubilee.

De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves,  
He jus' as 'trong as den ;  
He say de word : we las' night slaves ;  
To-day, de Lord's freemen.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn :  
O, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;  
He leab de land behind :  
De Lord's breff blow him funder on,  
Like corn-shuck in de wind.  
We own de hoe, we own de plough,  
We own de hands dat hold ;  
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
But nebber chile be sold.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn :  
O, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : he gib us signs  
Dat some day we be free ;  
De Norf-wind tell it to de pines,  
De wild-duck to de sea ;  
We tink it when de church-bell ring,  
We dream it in de dream ;  
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,  
De eagle when he scream.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn :  
O, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,  
An' nebber lie de word ;  
So, like de 'postles in de jail,  
We waited for de Lord :  
An' now he open ebery door,  
An' trow away de key ;  
He tink we lub him so before,  
We lub him better free.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
He 'll gib de rice and corn :  
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers ;  
And with a secret pain,  
And smiles that seem akin to tears,  
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,  
Nor yet his hope deny ;  
We only know that God is just,  
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy face,  
Flame-lighted, ruder still :



We start to think that hapless race  
Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice bind  
Oppressor with oppressed ;  
And, close as sin and suffering joined,  
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be  
Our sign of blight or bloom, —  
The Vala-song of Liberty,  
Or death-rune of our doom !





## NATHAN HALE.

BY FRANCIS M. FINCH.

**T**O drum-beat and heart-beat,  
A soldier marches by :  
There is color in his cheek,  
There is courage in his eye,  
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat  
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,  
He seeks the Briton's camp ;  
He hears the rustling flag,  
And the arméd sentry's tramp ;  
And the starlight and moonlight  
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread  
He scans the tented line ;  
And he counts the battery guns  
By the gaunt and shadowy pine ;  
And his slow tread and still tread  
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,  
It meets his eager glance ;  
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,  
Like the glimmer of a lance ; —  
A dark wave, a plumed wave,  
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,  
And terror in the sound !  
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,  
In the camp a spy hath found ;  
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,  
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,  
He listens to his doom ;  
In his look there is no fear,  
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom ;  
But with calm brow and steady brow  
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,  
He kneels upon the sod ;  
And the brutal guards withhold  
E'en the solemn Word of God !  
In the long night, the still night,  
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,  
He dies upon the tree ;  
And he mourns that he can lose  
But one life for Liberty ;

And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,  
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,  
They burn, lest friendly eye  
Should read how proud and calm  
A patriot could die,  
With his last words, his dying words,  
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,  
From monument and urn,  
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,  
His tragic fate shall learn ;  
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf  
The name of HALE shall burn !





## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

**T**HE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo :  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind :  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind :  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms,  
No braying horn or screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their pluméd heads are bowed,



Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud, —  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout, are passed, —  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that nevermore may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane  
That sweeps his great plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
Comes down the serried foe.  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath has swept  
O'er Angostura's plain,  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above its mouldered slain.  
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,

Alone now wake each solemn height  
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air ;  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave :  
She claims from war its richest spoil, —  
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
On many a bloody shield.  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !  
Dear as the blood ye gave,  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave.  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
In deathless song shall tell,

When many a vanished year hath flown,  
The story how ye fell ;  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Can dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb.





## HOME, WOUNDED.

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

**W**HEEL me into the sunshine,  
Wheel me into the shadow ;  
There must be leaves on the woodbine,  
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow ?

Wheel me down to the meadow,  
Down to the little river ;  
In sun or in shadow  
I shall not dazzle or shiver,  
I shall be happy anywhere,  
Every breath of the morning air  
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,  
By the mount or under the hill,  
Or down by the little river :  
Stay as long as you please,  
Give me only a bud from the trees,  
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,

Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,  
I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,  
Wheel, wheel through the shadow ;  
There must be odors round the pine,  
There must be balm of breathing kine,  
Somewhere down in the meadow.  
Must I choose ? Then anchor me there  
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where  
The larch is snooding her flowery hair  
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thicket hazels of the brake  
Perchance some nightingale doth shake  
His feathers, and the air is full of song ;  
In those old days, when I was young and strong,  
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,  
Beside the nursery.  
Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,  
And find him singing on the selfsame bough  
(I know it even now)  
Where since the flit of bat,  
In ceaseless voice he sat,  
Trying the spring night over, like a tune,  
Beneath the vernal moon ;  
And while I listed long,  
Day rose, and still he sang,  
And all his stanchless song,  
As something falling unaware,  
Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,

Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang, —  
Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.

Is it too early? I hope not.  
But wheel me to the ancient oak,  
On this side of the meadow;  
Let me hear the raven's croak  
Loosened to an amorous note  
In the hollow shadow.  
Let me see the winter snake  
'Thawing all his frozen rings  
On the bank where the wren sings.  
Let me hear the little bell,  
Where the red-wing, topmast high,  
Looks toward the northern sky,  
And jangles his farewell.  
Let us rest by the ancient oak,  
And see his net of shadow,  
His net of barren shadow,  
Like those wrestlers' nets of old,  
Hold the winter dead and cold,  
Hoary winter, white and cold,  
While all is green in the meadow.

And when you 've rested, brother mine,  
Take me over the meadow;  
Take me along the level crown  
Of the bare and silent down,  
And stop by the ruined tower.  
On its green scarp, by and by,  
I shall smell the flowering thyme,

On its wall the wall-flower.  
In the tower there used to be  
A solitary tree.  
Take me there, for the dear sake  
Of those old days wherein I loved to lie  
And pull the melilote,  
And look across the valley to the sky,  
And hear the joy that filled the warm wide hour  
Bubble from the thrush's throat,  
As into a shining mere  
Rills some rillet trebling clear,  
And speaks the silent silver of the lake.  
There 'mid cloistering tree-roots, year by year,  
The hen-thrush sat, and he, her lief and dear,  
Among the boughs did make  
A ceaseless music of her married time,  
And all the ancient stones grew sweet to hear,  
And answered him in the unspoken rhyme  
Of gracious forms most musical  
That tremble on the wall  
And trim its age with airy fantasies  
That flicker in the sun, and hardly seem  
As if to be beheld were all,  
And only to our eyes  
They rise and fall,  
And fall and rise,  
Sink down like silence, or a sudden stream  
As wind-blown on the wind as streams a wedding-chime.

But you are wheeling me while I dream,  
And we've almost reached the meadow!

You may wheel me fast through the sunshine,  
You may wheel me fast through the shadow,  
But wheel me slowly, brother mine,  
Through the green of the sappy meadow ;  
For the sun, these days have been so fine,  
Must have touched it over with celandine,  
And the southern hawthorn, I divine,  
Sheds a muffled shadow.

There blows  
The first primrose,  
Under the bare bank roses :  
There is but one,  
And the bank is brown,  
But soon the children will come down,  
The ringing children come singing down,  
To pick their Easter posies,  
And they 'll spy it out, my beautiful,  
Among the bare brier-roses ;  
And when I sit here again alone,  
The bare brown bank will be blind and dull,  
Alas for Easter posies !  
But when the din is over and gone,  
Like an eye that opens after pain,  
I shall see my pale flower shining again ;  
Like a fair star after a gust of rain  
I shall see my pale flower shining again ;  
Like a glow-worm after the rolling wain  
Hath shaken darkness down the lane  
I shall see my pale flower shining again ;  
And it will blow here for two months more,



And it will blow here again next year,  
And the year past that, and the year beyond ;  
And through all the years till my years are o'er  
I shall always find it here.

Shining across from the bank above,  
Shining up from the pond below,  
Ere a water-fly wimple the silent pond,  
Or the first green weed appear.  
And I shall sit here under the tree,  
And as each slow bud uncloses,  
I shall see it brighten and brighten to me,  
From among the leafing brier-roses,  
The leaning leafing roses,  
As at eve the leafing shadows grow,  
And the star of light and love  
Draweth near o'er her airy glades,  
Draweth near through her heavenly shades,  
As a maid through a myrtle grove.  
And the flowers will multiply,  
As the stars come blossoming over the sky,  
The bank will blossom, the waters blow,  
Till the singing children hitherward hie  
To gather May-day posies ;  
And the bank will be bare wherever they go,  
As Dawn, the primrose-girl, goes by,  
And alas for heaven's primroses !

Blare the trumpet, and boom the gun,  
But, O, to sit here thus in the sun,  
To sit here, feeling my work is done,  
While the sands of life so golden run,

And I watch the children's posies,  
And my idle heart is whispering,  
"Bring whatever the years may bring,  
The flowers will blossom, the birds will sing,  
And there 'll always be primroses."

Looking before me here in the sun,  
I see the Aprils one after one,  
Primrosed Aprils one by one,  
Primrosed Aprils on and on,  
Till the floating prospect closes  
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,  
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,  
And perhaps — too far for mortal eyes —  
New years of fresh primroses,  
Years of earth's primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,  
A hound that dreams and dozes;  
Along my life my length I lay,  
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,  
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,  
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,  
And like one who dreams and dozes  
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,  
Two worlds are whispering over me,  
And there blows a wind of roses  
From the backward shore to the shore before,  
From the shore before to the backward shore,

And like two clouds that meet and pour  
Each through each, till core in core  
A single self reposes,  
The nevermore with the evermore  
Above me mingles and closes ;  
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,  
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,  
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,  
A dreamy eye uncloses,  
I see a blooming world around,  
And I lie amid primroses, —  
Years of sweet primroses,  
Springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

O, to lie a-dream, a-dream,  
To feel I may dream and to know you deem  
My work is done forever,  
And the palpitating fever  
That gains and loses, loses and gains,  
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a thousand  
pains  
Cooled at once by that bloodlet  
Upon the parapet ;  
And all the tedious taskéd toil of the difficult long endeavor  
Solved and quit by no more fine  
Than these limbs of mine,  
Spanned and measured once for all  
By that right hand I lost,  
Bought up at so light a cost

As one bloody fall  
On the soldier's bed,  
And three days on the ruined wall  
Among the thirstless dead.

O, to think my name is crossed  
From duty's muster-roll;  
That I may slumber through the clarion call,  
And live the joy of an embodied soul  
Free as a liberated ghost.  
O, to feel a life of deed  
Was emptied out to feed  
That fire of pain that burned so brief a while, —  
That fire from which I come as the dead come  
Forth from the irreparable tomb,  
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile  
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear  
Through years of segregated care,  
And takes the total load  
Upon his shoulders broad,  
And steps from earth to God.

O, to think, through good or ill,  
Whatever I am you 'll love me still;  
O, to think, though dull I be,  
You that are so grand and free,  
You that are so bright and gay,  
Will pause to hear me when I will,  
As though my head were gray;  
And though there 's little I can say,  
Each will look kind with honor while he hears.

And to your loving ears  
My thoughts will halt with honorable scars,  
And when my dark voice stumbles with the weight  
Of what it doth relate  
(Like that blind comrade, — blinded in the wars, —  
Who bore the one-eyed brother that was lame),  
You 'll remember 't is the same  
That cried, " Follow me,"  
Upon a summer's day ;  
And I shall understand with unshed tears  
This great reverence that I see,  
And bless the day, — and Thee,  
Lord God of victory !  
And she,  
Perhaps O, even she  
May look as she looked when I knew her  
In those old days of childish sooth,  
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.  
I will not seek nor sue her,  
For I 'm neither fonder nor truer  
Than when she slighted my love-lorn youth,  
My giftless, graceless, guinealess truth,  
And I only lived to rue her.  
But I 'll never love another,  
And, in spite of her lovers and lands,  
She shall love me yet, my brother !

As a child that holds by his mother,  
While his mother speaks his praises,  
Holds with eager hands,  
And ruddy and silent stands

In the ruddy and silent daisies,  
And hears her bless her boy,  
And lifts a wondering joy,  
So I'll not seek nor sue her,  
But I'll leave my glory to woo her,  
And I'll stand like a child beside,  
And from behind the purple pride  
I'll lift my eyes unto her,  
And I shall not be denied.  
And you will love her, brother dear,  
And perhaps next year you'll bring me here  
All through the balmy April-tide,  
And she will trip like spring by my side,  
And be all the birds to my ear.  
And here all three we'll sit in the sun,  
And see the Aprils one by one,  
Primrosed Aprils on and on,  
Till the floating prospect closes  
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,  
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,  
And perhaps too far for mortal eyes,  
New springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs of earth's primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me,  
Of distant dim primroses.





## MOTHER AND POET.

(Turin, after news from Gaeta, 1861.)

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

**D**EAD ! One of them shot in the sea by the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea !  
Dead ! both my boys ! when you sit at the feast,  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at me !

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said ;  
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,  
— The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at ? O, vain !  
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast  
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain ?  
Ah, boys, how you hurt ! you were strong as you pressed  
And I proud, by that test.

What art 's for a woman ? to hold on her knees  
Both darlings ! to feel all their arms round her throat

Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees  
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!  
To dream and to doat!

To teach them . . . It stings there! I made them, indeed,  
Speak plain the word *country*. I taught them, no doubt,  
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.  
I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .  
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not. — But then the surprise  
When one sits quite alone! — Then one weeps, then  
one kneels!  
God, how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moiled  
With my kisses, — of camp-life and glory, and how  
They both loved me, and, soon coming home to be spoiled,  
In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"  
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,  
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me. —  
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime  
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained



To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time  
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained  
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,  
Writ now but in one hand: "I was not to faint, —  
One loved me for two — would be with me erelong:  
And 'Viva l' Italia!' he died for, our saint,  
Who forbids our complaint!"

My Nanni would add, "He was safe, and aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls, — was impressed  
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,  
And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,  
To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line  
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta: — *Shot.*  
*Tell his mother.* Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother, — not  
"mine,"

No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!  
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,  
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?  
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven  
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so  
The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the  
dark  
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,

How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,  
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned  
away,  
And no last word to say !

Both boys dead ? but that 's out of nature. We all  
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep  
one.  
'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall ;  
And, when Italy 's made, for what end is it done,  
If we have not a son ?

Ah, ah, ah ! when Gaeta 's taken, what then ?  
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport  
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men ?  
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort  
Have cut the game short ;

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,  
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green,  
and red,  
When you have your country from mountain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head  
(And I have my dead), —

What then ? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,  
And burn your lights faintly ! *My* country is *there*,  
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow :  
*My* Italy 's *THERE*, — with my brave civic pair,  
To disfranchise despair !

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,  
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn ;  
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length  
Into wail such as this, — and we sit on forlorn  
When the man-child is born.

Dead ! One of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea !  
Both ! both my boys ! If in keeping the feast,  
You want a great song for your Italy free,  
Let none look at me !





## HOW THEY BROUGHT

### THE GOOD NEWS FROM GRIENT TO AIX.

BY ROBERT BROWNING

**I** SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he :  
I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped all three ;  
" Good speed ! " cried the watch as the gate-  
bolts undrew,  
" Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through.  
Behind shut the postern, the Engine sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped a-rent.

Not a word to each other : we kept the great pace ;  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our pace ;  
I turned in my saddle and made his girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,  
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained shaker the bit ;  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;  
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see ;  
At Düffeld 't was morning as plain as could be ;

And from Meeheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime, —

So Joris broke silence with, “ Yet there is time ! ”

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;  
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance ;  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, “ Stay spur !  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her ;  
We'll remember at Aix ” — for one heard the quick  
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering  
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh ;  
'Neath our feet broke the stubble like chaff ;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight !"

"How they 'll greet us !" — and all in a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without  
peer, —  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or  
good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,  
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news from  
Ghent.





## THE OLD POLITICIAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

**N**OW that Tom Dunstan's cold,  
Our shop is duller;  
Scarce a story is told!  
And our chat has lost the old  
Red republican color!  
Though he was sickly and thin,  
He gladdened us with his face;—  
How, warming at rich man's sin,  
With bang of the fist, and chin  
Thrust out, he argued the case!  
He prophesied folk should be free,  
And the money-bags be bled;—  
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;  
"Courage, boys! wait and see!  
Freedom's ahead!"

All day we sat in the heat,  
Like spiders spinning,  
Stitching full fine and fleet,  
While the old Jew on his seat  
Sat greasily grinning;

And there Tom said his say,  
And prophesied Tyranny's death;  
And the tallow burnt all day,  
And we stitched and stitched away  
In the thick smoke of our breath,  
Wearily, wearily,  
With hearts as heavy as lead; —  
But "Patience, she's coming!" said he;  
"Courage, boys! wait and see!  
Freedom's ahead!"

And at night, when we took here  
The pause allowed to us,  
The paper came with the beer,  
And Tom read, sharp and clear,  
The news out loud to us;  
And then, in his witty way,  
He threw the jest about, —  
The cutting things he'd say  
Of the wealthy and gay!  
How he turned them inside out!  
And it made our breath more free  
To hearken to what he said; —  
"She's coming, she's coming!" says he;  
"Courage, boys! wait and see!  
Freedom's ahead!"

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,  
Would mutter, "Master!  
If Freedom means to appear,  
I think she might step here  
A little faster!"



Then it was fine to see Tom flame,  
And argue and prove and preach,  
Till Jack was silent for shame,  
Or a fit of coughing came  
O' sudden to spoil Tom's speech.  
Ah! Tom had the eyes to see,  
When Tyranny should be sped;—  
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;  
"Courage, boys! wait and see!  
Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak;  
The hard hours shook him;  
Hollower grew his cheek,  
And when he began to speak  
The coughing took him.  
Erelong the cheery sound  
Of his chat among us ceased,  
And we made a purse all round,  
That he might not starve, at least;  
His pain was sorry to see,  
Yet there, on his poor sick-bed,  
"She's coming, in spite of me!  
Courage, and wait!" cried he,  
"Freedom's ahead!"

A little before he died,  
To see his passion!  
"Bring me a paper!" he cried,  
And then to study it tried



In his old sharp fashion ;  
And, with eyeballs glittering,  
His look on me he bent,  
And said that savage thing  
Of the lords of the Parliament.  
Then, darkening, smiling on me,  
“What matter if one be dead ?  
She’s coming, at least !” said he ;  
“Courage, boys ! wait and see !  
Freedom’s ahead !”

Ay, now Tom Dunstan’s cold,  
The shop feels duller ;  
Scarce a story is told !  
Our talk has lost the old  
Red republican color.  
But we see a figure gray,  
And we hear a voice of death,  
And the tallow burns all day,  
And we stitch and stitch away  
In the thick smoke of our breath ;  
Ay, here in the dark sit we,  
While wearily, wearily,  
We hear him call from the dead ;—  
“She’s coming, she’s coming !” said he ;  
“Freedom’s ahead !”

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How long, O Lord, how long  
Doth thy handmaid linger ?

She who shall right the wrong?  
Make the oppresséd strong? —

Sweet morrow, bring her!  
Hasten her over the sea,  
O Lord, ere hope be fled, —  
Bring her to men and to me!  
O slave, pray still on thy knee, —  
“Freedom’s ahead!”





## ODE

### ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### I.

**B**URY the Great Duke  
With an empire's lamentation,  
Let us bury the Great Duke  
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,  
Mourning when their leaders fall,  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

#### II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?  
Here, in streaming London's central roar.  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones forevermore.

#### III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,

Let the long, long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow;  
The last great Englishman is low.

## IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the past.  
No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.  
O friends, our chief state-oracle is dead :  
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
Whole in himself, a common good.  
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.  
O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fallen at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !  
Such was he whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

## V.

All is over and done :  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy son.  
Let the bell be tolled.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
And render him to the mould.  
Under the cross of gold  
That shines over city and river,  
There he shall rest forever  
Among the wise and the bold.  
Let the bell be tolled :  
And a reverent people behold  
The towering car, the sable steeds :  
Bright let it be with his blazoned deeds,  
Dark in its funeral fold.  
Let the bell be tolled :  
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled ;  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled  
Through the dome of the golden cross ;  
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;  
He knew their voices of old.  
For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's ear has heard them boom  
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;  
When he with those deep voices wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;  
With those deep voices our dead captain taught  
The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
In that dread sound to the great name,  
Which he has worn so pure of blame,

In praise and in dispraise the same,  
A man of well-attempered frame.  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

## VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honored guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?  
Mighty seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world began.  
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea ;  
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;  
O give him welcome, this is he,  
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee ;  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gained a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun ;  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clashed with his fiery few and won ;  
And underneath another sun,

Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The treble works, the vast designs  
Of his labored rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Past the Pyrenean pines;  
Followed up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes.  
Such a war had such a close.  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings;  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;  
A day of onsets of despair!  
Dashed on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foamed themselves away;  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;  
Through the long-tormented air  
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.  
So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long-enduring hearts could do



In that world's earthquake, Waterloo !  
Mighty seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O savior of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !  
And through the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honor, honor, honor to him,  
Eternal honor to his name.


## VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.  
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget  
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers ;  
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set  
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,  
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt  
Of boundless love and reverence and regret  
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.  
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;  
O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul

Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,  
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
 That sober freedom out of which there springs  
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;  
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,  
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.  
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.  
 Remember him who led your hosts;  
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts,  
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;  
 His voice is silent in your council-hall  
 Forever; and whatever tempests lower  
 Forever silent; even if they broke  
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all  
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;  
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
 Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;  
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow  
 Through either babbling world of high and low;  
 Whose life was work, whose language rife  
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
 Who never spoke against a foe;  
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right:  
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;  
 Truth-lover was our English Duke;  
 Whatever record leap to light  
 He never shall be shamed.

## VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,  
Followed by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lavish Honor showered all her stars,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.  
Yea, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great,  
But as he saves or serves the state.  
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.  
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevailed,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God himself is moon and sun.  
Such was he : his work is done.  
But while the races of mankind endure,  
Let his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land,



And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;  
Till in all lands and through all human story  
The path of duty be the way to glory :  
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame  
For many and many an age proclaim  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,  
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,  
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,  
Eternal honor to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
By some yet unmoulded tongue  
Far on in summers that we shall not see :  
Peace, it is a day of pain  
For one about whose patriarchal knee  
Late the little children clung :  
O peace, it is a day of pain  
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain  
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.  
Ours the pain, be his the gain !  
More than is of man's degree  
Must be with us, watching here  
At this, our great solemnity.  
Whom we see not we revere.  
We revere, and we refrain  
From talk of battles loud and vain,  
And brawling memories all too free  
For such a wise humility  
As befits a solemn fane :

We revere, and while we hear  
The tides of Music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity,  
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,  
Until we doubt not that for one so true  
There must be other nobler work to do  
Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
And Victor he must ever be.  
For though the Giant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work their will;  
Though world on world in myriad myriads roll  
Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul?  
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.  
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:  
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
He is gone who seemed so great. —  
Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in state,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
But speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
God accept him, Christ receive him.



## ODE

RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION,

JULY 21, 1865.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### I.



EAK-WINGED is song,  
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height  
Whither the brave deed climbs for light :

We seem to do them wrong,  
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse  
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,  
Our trivial song to honor those who come  
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,  
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,  
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire :

Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,  
A gracious memory to buoy up and save  
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave  
Of the unventurous throng.

### II.

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back  
Her wisest scholars, those who understood

The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,  
And offered their fresh lives to make it good :  
    No lore of Greece or Rome,  
No science peddling with the names of things,  
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,  
    Can lift our life with wings  
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits,  
    And lengthen out our dates  
With that clear fame whose memory sings  
In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates :  
Not such thy teaching, Mother of us all !  
    Not such the trumpet-call  
    Of thy diviner mood,  
    That could thy sons entice  
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest  
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,  
    Into War's tumult rude ;  
    But rather far that stern device  
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood  
    In the dim, unventured wood,  
    The VERITAS that lurks beneath  
    The letter's unprolific sheath,  
    Life of whate'er makes life worth living,  
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,  
    One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving.

## III.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil  
    Amid the dust of books to find her,  
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,  
    With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.

Many in sad faith sought for her,  
 Many with crossed hands sighed for her ;  
 But these, our brothers, fought for her,  
 At life's dear peril wrought for her,  
 So loved her that they died for her,  
 Tasting the raptured fleetness  
 Of her divine completeness :  
     Their higher instinct knew  
 Those love her best who to themselves are true,  
 And what they dare to dream of dare to do ;  
     They followed her and found her  
     Where all may hope to find,  
 Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,  
 But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her ;  
     Where faith made whole with deed  
     Breathes its awakening breath  
     Into the lifeless creed,  
     They saw her plumed and mailed,  
     With sweet, stern face unveiled,  
 And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

IV.

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides  
 Into the silent hollow of the Past ;  
     What is there that abides  
 To make the next age better for the last ?  
     Is earth too poor to give us  
 Something to live for here that shall outlive us, —  
     Some more substantial boon  
 Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon ?



The little that we see  
From doubt is never free ;  
The little that we do  
Is but half-nobly true ;  
With our laborious hiving  
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,  
Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,  
Only secure in every one's conniving,  
A long account of nothings paid with loss,  
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,  
After our little hour of strut and rave,  
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,  
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,  
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.  
Ah, there is something here  
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,  
Something that gives our feeble light  
A high immunity from Night,  
Something that leaps life's narrow bars  
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven :  
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven  
Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,  
And glorify our clay  
With light from fountains elder than the Day ;  
A conscience more divine than we,  
A gladness fed with secret tears,  
A vexing, forward-reaching sense  
Of some more noble permanence ;  
A light across the sea,  
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,  
Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years.

V.

Whither leads the path  
 To ampler fates that leads ?  
 Not down through flowery meads,  
 To reap an aftermath  
 Of youth's vainglorious weeds,  
 But up the steep, amid the wrath  
 And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,  
 Where the world's best hope and stay  
 By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,  
 And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.  
 Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,  
 Ere yet the sharp, decisive word  
 Lights the black lips of cannon, and the sword  
 Dreams in its easeful sheath :  
 But some day the live coal behind the thought,  
 Whether from Baal's stone obscene,  
 Or from the shrine serene  
 Of God's pure altar brought,  
 Bursts up in flame ; the war of tongue and pen  
 Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,  
 And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,  
 Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men :  
 Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed  
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,  
 And cries reproachful, " Was it, then, my praise,  
 And not myself was loved ? Prove now thy truth ;  
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth ;  
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,  
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate ! "  
 Life may be given in many ways,

And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as the field,  
    So generous is Fate ;  
    But then to stand beside her,  
    When craven churls deride her,  
To front a lie in arms and not to yield, —  
    This shows, methinks, God's plan  
    And measure of a stalwart man,  
    Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
    Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,  
    Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,  
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

## VI.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
    Whom late the Nation he had led,  
    With ashes on her head,  
Wept with the passion of an angry grief :  
Forgive me, if from present things I turn  
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,  
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.  
    Nature, they say, doth doat,  
    And cannot make a man  
    Save on some worn-out plan,  
    Repeating us by rote :  
For him her Old-World mould aside she threw,  
    And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
    Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see  
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;  
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
     Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
     But by his clear-grained human worth,  
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!  
     They knew that outward grace is dust;  
     They could not choose but trust  
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,  
     And supple-tempered will  
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.  
     Nothing of Europe here,  
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,  
     Ere any names of Serf and Peer  
     Could Nature's equal scheme deface;  
     Here was a type of the true elder race,  
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.  
     I praise him not; it were too late;  
 And some innative weakness there must be  
 In him who condescends to victory  
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
     Safe in himself as in a fate.  
     So always firmly he:  
     He knew to bide his time,  
     And can his fame abide,  
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
     Till the wise years decide.  
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
     Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
     But at last silence comes:

These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
Our children shall behold his fame,  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

## VII.

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern  
Or only guess some more inspiring goal  
Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,  
Along whose course the flying axes burn  
Of spirits bravely pitched, earth's manlier brood ;  
Long as below we cannot find  
The meed that stills the inexorable mind ;  
So long this faith to some ideal Good,  
Under whatever mortal names it masks,  
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood  
That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,  
Feeling its challenged pulses leap,  
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,  
And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,  
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,  
Shall be a wisdom that we set above  
All other skills and gifts to culture dear,  
A virtue round whose forehead we enwreath  
Laurels that with a living passion breathe  
When other crowns are cold and soon grow sear.  
What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,  
And seal these hours the noblest of our year,  
Save that our brothers found this better way ?

VIII.

We sit here in the Promised Land  
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk ;  
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,  
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.

We welcome back our bravest and our best ; —

Ah, me ! not all ! some come not with the rest,  
Who went forth brave and bright as any here !  
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,

But the sad strings complain,

And will not please the ear ;

I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane

Again and yet again

Into a dirge, and die away in pain.

In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,

Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,

Dark to the triumph which they died to gain :

Fitlier may others greet the living,

For me the past is unforgiving ;

I with uncovered head

Salute the sacred dead,

Who went, and who return not. — Say not so !

'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,

But the high faith that failed not by the way ;

Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave ;

No ban of endless night exiles the brave ;

And to the saner mind

We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow !

For never shall their aureoled presence lack :

I see them muster in a gleaming row,

With ever-youthful brows that nobler show ;  
We find in our dull road their shining track ;  
    In every nobler mood  
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,  
Part of our life's unalterable good,  
Of all our saintlier aspiration ;  
    They come transfigured back,  
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation !

## IX.

Who now shall sneer ?  
Who dare again to say we trace  
Our lines to a plebeian race ?  
    Roundhead and Cavalier !  
Dreams are those names erewhile in battle loud ;  
Forceless as is the shadow of a cloud,  
    They live but in the ear :  
That is best blood that hath most iron in 't  
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint  
    For what makes manhood dear.  
Tell us not of Plantagenets,  
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl  
Down from some victor in a border-brawl !  
    How poor their outworn coronets,  
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath  
Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,  
    Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets  
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears

Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears

With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

X.

Not in anger, not in pride,

Pure from passion's mixture rude

Ever to base earth allied,

But with far-heard gratitude,

Still with heart and voice renewed,

To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,

The strain should close that consecrates our brave.

Lift the heart and lift the head!

Lofty be its mood and grave,

Not without a martial ring,

Not without a prouder tread

And a peal of exultation :

Little right has he to sing

Through whose heart in such an hour

Beats no march of conscious power,

Sweeps no tumult of elation !

'Tis no Man we celebrate,

By his country's victories great,

A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,

But the pith and marrow of a Nation

Drawing force from all her men,

Highest, humblest, weakest, all, —

Pulsing it again through them,

Till the basest can no longer cower,

Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,

Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.



Come back, then, noble pride, for 't is her dower !

How could poet ever tower,

If his passions, hopes, and fears,

If his triumphs and his tears,

Kept not measure with his people ?

Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves !

Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple !

Banners, advance with triumph, bend your staves !

And from every mountain-peak

Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,

Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface lie,

And so leap on in light from sea to sea,

Till the glad news be sent

Across a kindling continent,

Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver : —

“ Be proud ! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her !

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,

She of the open soul and open door,

With room about her hearth for all mankind !

The helm from her bold front she doth unbind,

Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,

And bids her navies hold their thunders in :

No challenge sends she to the elder world,

That looked askance and hated ; a light scorn

Plays on her mouth, as round her mighty knees

She calls her children back, and waits the morn

Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas.”

XI.

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release !

Thy God, in these distempered days,

Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of his ways,  
 And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!  
     Bow down in prayer and praise!  
 O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!  
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,  
     And letting thy set lips,  
     Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,  
 What words divine of lover or of poet  
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
 Among the Nations bright beyond compare?  
     What were our lives without thee?  
     What all our lives to save thee?  
     We reck not what we gave thee;  
     We will not dare to doubt thee,  
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare!





